

194
THE AUTHOR,

A COMEDY,

IN TWO ACTS,

WRITTEN BY SAMUEL FOOTE, ESQ. K

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL DRURY-LANE.

The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation.

London :

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1794.

THE NEW



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THE AUTHOR.

IN the year 1757 this comedy, written by Mr. Samuel Foote, was performed, for the first time, to a full house, and with great applause.

In the life of this celebrated wit and mimic, given in the first volume of our collection, it is remarked that his satire, in many instances, aimed at a partial mark. In the Author, an unoffending and respectable character was held up to public ridicule, on account of some peculiarities which created no more than a smile among his friends, but which did not in the least act as a drawback upon their private esteem. The person alluded to was Mr. Aprice, a gentleman of family and fortune.

The inimitable humour of a Foote, however, could make even the wrong appear the better reason. The part of Cadwallader, in his hands, produced crowded houses, while even those inclined to blame, were diverted from their purpose by his irresistible point and pleasantry.

At length, the jest becoming very serious to the repose of the party it exposed in so public a manner, application was made for its suppression, and for some years it was withdrawn from the boards; it has, however, of late, been represented occasionally, and we know of few after-pieces that are better received.

Dramatis Personae.

DRURY-LANE.

Men.

Governor Cape,	-	MR. AIKEN
Young Cape,	-	MR. J. BANNISTER
Sprightly,	-	MR. HOLLINGWORTH
Cadwallader,	-	MR. BANNISTER
Poet	-	MR. WALDRON
'Vamp,'	-	MR. BADDELEY
Printer's Devil,	-	MR. LYONS
Robin,	-	MR. JONES.

Women.

Mrs. Cadwallader,	-	MRS. WELLS
Arabella,	-	MISS COLLINS.

PROLOGUE.

WRITTEN AND SPOKEN BY MR. FOOTÉ.

SEVERE their task, who, in this critic age,
With fresh materials furnish out the stage!
Not that our fathers drain'd the comic store;
Fresh characters spring up as heretofore——
Nature with novelty does still abound;
On every side fresh follies may be found.
But then the taste of every guest to hit,
To please at once the gallery, box, and pit;
Requires at least—no common share of wit.

Those who adorn the orb of higher life,
Demand the lively rake or modish wife;
Whilst they who in a lower circle move,
Yawn at their wit, and slumber at their love.
If light, low mirth employs the comic scene,
Such mirth as drives from vulgar minds the spleen;
The polish'd critic damns the wretched stuff,
And cries, "'Twill please the galleries well enough."
Such jarring judgments who can reconcile,
Since fops will frown where humble traders smile?

To dash the poet's ineffectual claim,
And quench his thirst for universal fame,
The Grecian fabulist, in moral lay,
Has thus address'd the writers of this day.

Once on a time, a son and sire, we're told,
The stripling tender, and the father old,
Purchas'd a jack-ass at a country fair,
To ease their limbs and hawk about their ware:

But as the sluggish animal was weak,
They fear'd, if both should mount, his back wou'd
break :

Up gets the boy ; the father leads the ass,
And thro' the gazing crowd attempt to pass:
Forth from the throng the Grey-beards hobble out,
And hail the cavaleade with feeble shout.

" This the respect to reverend age you show ?

" And this the duty you to parents owe ?

" He beats the hoof, and you are set astride :

" Sirrah, get down, and let your father ride."

As Grecian lads were seldom void of grace,

The decent, duteous youth resign'd his place.

Then a fresh murmur thro' the rabble ran ;

Boys, girls, wives, widows, all attack the man.

" Sure, never was brute-beast so void of nature !

" Have you no pity for the pretty creature ?

" To your own baby can you be unkind ?

" Here—Suke, Bill, Betty—put the child behind."

Old Dapple next the clowns compassion claim'd :

" 'Tis wonderment them boobies ben't asham'd,

" Two at a time upon a poor dumb beast !

" They might as well have carry'd he at least."

The pair, still pliant to the partial voice,

Dismount and bear the ass—Then what a noise ?

Huzzas, loud laughs, low gibe, and bitter joke,

From the yet silent sire these words provoke :

" Proceed, my boy, nor heed their farther call,

" Vain his attempt who strives to please them all!"



THE AUTHOR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Governor CAPE and ROBIN.

Governor.

AND he believes me dead, Robin ?

Rob. Most certainly.

Gov. You have given him no intimation that his fortunes might mend ?

Rob. Not a distant hint.

Gov. How did he receive the news ?

Rob. Calmly enough : when I told him that his hopes from abroad were at an end, that the friend of his deceased father thought he had done enough in putting it in his power to earn his own livelihood, he replied, 'twas no more than he had long expected, charged me with his warmest acknowledgments to his concealed banefactor, thanked me for my care, sighed, and left me.

Gov. And how has he lived since ?

Rob. Poorly, but honestly : to his pen he owes all his subsistence. I am sure my heart bleeds for him : consider, Sir, to what temptations you expose him.

Gov. The severer his trials, the greater his triumph. Shall the fruits of my honest industry, the purchase of many perils, be lavish'd on a lazy luxurious booby, who has no other merit than being born five-and-twenty years after me? No, no, Robin; him, and a profusion of debts, were all that the extravagance of his mother left me.

Rob. You lov'd her, Sir?

Gov. Fondly, nay, foolishly, or necessity had not compell'd me to seek for shelter in another climate. 'Tis true, fortune has been favourable to my labours; and when George convinces me that he inherits my spirit, he shall share my property, not else.

Rob. Consider, Sir, he has not your opportunities.

Gov. Nor had I his education.

Rob. As the world goes, the worst you cou'd have given him. Lack-a-day! Learning, learning, Sir, is no commodity for this market : nothing makes money here, Sir, but money; or some certain fashionable qualities that you wou'd not wish your son to possess.

Gov. Learning useless! Impossible!---Where are the Oxfords, the Halifaxes, the great protectors and patrons of the liberal arts?

Rob. Patron!---The word has lost its use; a gui-

nea-subscription at the request of a lady, whose chambermaid is acquainted with the author, may be now and then pick'd up----Protector!---Why, I dare believe there's more money laid out upon Islington turnpike in a month than upon all the learned men in Great Britain in seven years.

Gov. And yet the press groans with their productions! How do they all exist?

Rob. In garrets, Sir; as, if you will step to your son's apartment in the next street, you will see.

Gov. But what apology shall we make for the visit?

Rob. That you want the aid of his profession; a well-penn'd address now from the subjects of your late government, with your gracious reply, to put into the newspapers.

Gov. Ay! is that part of his practice?---Well, lead on, Robin.

SCENE II, *draws, and discovers* YOUNG CAPE
with the PRINTER'S DEVIL.

Cape. Prithee, go about thy business---Vanish, dear devil.

Devil. Master bid me not come without the proof; he says as how there are two other answers ready for the press; and if yours don't come out a Saturdry, 'twont pay for the paper. But you are always so lazy: I have more plague with you---There's Mr. Guzzle, the translator, never keeps me a minute---unless the poor gentleman happens to be fuddled.

Cape. Why, you little, sooty, sniv'ling, diabolical puppy, is it not sufficient to be plagu'd with the stupidity of your absurd master, but I must be pester'd with your impertinence?

Devil. Impertinence:—Marry come up, I keep as good company as your worship every day in the year—There's Mr. Clench, in Little Britain, does not think it beneath him to take part of a pot of porter with me, tho' he has wrote two volumes of Lives in quarto, and has a folio a-coming out in numbers.

Cape. Harky', sirrah, if you don't quit the room this instant, I'll show you a shorter way into the street than the stairs.

Devil. I shall save you the trouble—Give me the French book that you took the story from for the last Journal.

Cape. Take it—— [Throws it at him.]

Devil. What, d'ye think it belongs to the circulating library, or that it is one of your own performances, that you——

Cape. You shall have a larger—(Exit Devil)
'Sdeath! a pretty situation I am in! And are these the fruits I am to reap from a long, laborious, and expensive——

Re-enter DEVIL.

Devil. I had like to have forgot, here's your week's pay for the newspaper, five and fivepence; which, with the two-and-a-penny master pass'd his word for, to Mrs. Suds your washerwoman, makes the three half-crowns.

Cape. Lay it on the table.

Devil. Here's a man on the stairs wants you; by the sheepishness of his looks, and the shabbiness of his dress, he's either a pickpocket or a poet — Here, walk in, Mr. What-d'ye-call-um, the gentleman's at home. [*Surveys the figure, laughs, and exit.*]

Enter POET.

Poet. Your name, I presume, is *Cape*?

Cape. You have hit it, Sir.

Poet. Sir, I beg pardon, you are a gentleman that writes?

Cape. Sometimes.

Poet. Why, Sir, my case, in a word, is this: I, like you, have long been a retainer of the muses, as you may see by their livery.

Cape. They have not discarded you, I hope?

Poet. No, Sir; but their upper servants, the booksellers, have — I printed a collection of jests upon my own account, and they have ever since refused to employ me; you, Sir, I hear, are in their graces: Now I have brought you, Sir, three Imitations of Juvenal in prose; Tully's oration for Milo, in blank verse; two essays on the British Herring-fishery, with a large collection of rebuses; which if you will dispose of to them, in your own name, we'll divide the profits.

Cape. I am really, Sir, sorry for your distress; but I have a larger cargo of my own manufacturing than they choose to engage in.

Poet. That's pity; you have nothing in the com-

piling or index way, that you wou'd entrust to the care of another?

Cape. Nothing.

Poet. I'll do it at half price.

Cape. I'm concern'd it is not in my power at present to be useful to you ; but if this trifle——

Poet. Sir, your servant. Shall I leave you any of my——

Cape. By no means.

Poet. An essay or an ode?

Cape. Not a line.

Poet. Your very obedient—— [Exit Poet.

Cape. Poor fellow! and how far am I removed from his condition? Virgil had his Pollio; Horace, his Mecænas; Martial, his Pliny. My protectors are, Title-page the publisher, Vamp the bookseller, and Index the printer. A most noble triumvirate; and the rascals are as proscriptive and arbitrary as the famous Roman one, into the bargain.

Enter SPRIGHTLY.

Spri. What! in soliloquy, George—reciting some of the pleasantries, I suppose, in your new piece?

Cape. My disposition has at present very little of the *vis comica*.

Spri. What's the matter?

Cape. Survey that mass of wealth upon the table; all my own, and earn'd in little more than a week.

Spri. Why, 'tis an inexhaustible mine!

Cape. Ay, and delivered to me too with all the soft civility of Billingsgate by a printer's prime minister, call'd a *devil*.

Spri. I met the imp upon the stairs. But I thought these midwives to the muses were the idolizers of you their favourite sons.

Cape. Our Tyrants, Tom! Had I indeed a posthumous piece of infidelity, or an amorous novel, decorated with luscious copper-plates, the slaves would be civil enough.

Spri. Why don't you pulish your own works?

Cape. What! and paper my room with 'em? No, no, that will never do; there are secrets in all trades: ours is one great mystery; but the explanation wou'd be too tedious at present.

Spri. Then why don't you divert your attention to some other object?

Cape. That subject was employing my thoughts.

Spri. How have you resolved?

Cape. I have, I think, at present, two strings to my bow: if my comedy succeeds, it buys me a commission; if my mistress, my Laura, proves kind, I am settled for life; but if both my cords snap—adieu to the quill, and welcome the musket.

Spri. Heroically determined?—But *a propos*—how proceeds your honourable passion?

Cape. But slowly—I believe I have a friend in her heart, but a most potent enemy in her head: you know I am poor, and she is prudent. With regard to her fortune, too, I believe her brother's consent is essentially necessary—But you promised to make me acquainted with him.

Spri. I expect him here every instant. He may, George, be useful to you in more than one capa-

city ; if your comedy is not crouded, he is a character, I can tell you, that will make no contemptible figure in it.

Cape. His sister gave me a sketch of him last summer.

Spri. A sketch can never convey him. His peculiarities require infinite labour and high finishing.

Cape. Give me the outlines.

Spri. He is a compound of contrarieties ; pride and meanness, folly and archness : At the same time that he wou'd take the wall of a prince of the blood, he wou'd not scruple eating a fry'd sausage at the Mews-gate. There is a minuteness now and then in his descriptions, and some whimsical unaccountable turns in his conversation, that are entertaining enough : but the extravagance and oddity of his manner, and the boast of his birth, complete his character.

Cape. But how will a person of his pride and pedigree relish the humility of this apartment ?

Spri. Oh, he's prepar'd—You are, George, tho' prodigiously learn'd and ingenious, an abstracted being, odd and whimsical ; the case with all your great geniuses : You love the snug, the chimney-corner of life ; and retire to this obscure nook merely to avoid the importunity of the great.

Cape. Your servant—But what attraction can a character of this kind have for Mr. Cadwallader ?

Spri. Infinite ! next to a peer, he honours a poet ; and modestly imputes his not making a figure in the learned world himself to the neglect of his educa-

tion—Hush! he's on the stairs—On with your cap, and open your book. Remember great dignity and absence.

‘ Enter VAMP.

‘ Cape. Oh, no; 'tis Mr. Vamp. Your commands, good Sir?

‘ Vamp. I have a word, Master Cape, for your private ear.

‘ Cape. You may communicate; this gentleman is a friend.

‘ Vamp. An author?

‘ Cape. Voluminous.

‘ Vamp. In what way?

‘ Cape. Universal.

‘ Vamp. Bless me! he's very young, and exceedingly well rigg'd; what, a good subscription, I reckon?

‘ Cape. Not a month from Leyden; an admirable theologist! he study'd it in Germany; if you should want such a thing now as ten or a dozen manuscript sermons, by a deceased clergyman, I believe he can supply you.

‘ Vamp. Warranted originals?

‘ Cape. No.

‘ Vamp. No, no; I don't deal in the sermon-way now; I lost money by the last I printed, for all 'twas wrote by a Methodist; but I believe, Sir, if they ben't long, and have a good deal of Latin in 'em, I can get you a chap.

‘ Spri. For what, Sir?

‘ *Vamp.* The manuscript sermons you have wrote,
‘ and want to dispose of.

‘ *Spri.* Sermons that I have wrote !

‘ *Vamp.* Ay, ay ; Mr. Cape has been telling
me——

‘ *Spri.* He has ? I am mightily oblig’d to him.

‘ *Vamp.* Nay, nay ; don’t be afraid : I’ll keep
‘ counsel ; old Vamp had not kept a shop so long
‘ at the Turnstile, if he did not know how to be
‘ secret : why, in the year fifteen, when I was in
‘ the treasonable way, I never squeak’d ; I never
‘ gave up but one author in my life, and he was
‘ dying of a consumption ; so it never came to a
‘ trial.

‘ *Spri.* Indeed !

‘ *Vamp.* Never—look here, (*shows the side of his*
‘ *head*), crop’d close !—bare as a board !—and for
‘ nothing in the world but an innocent book of
‘ bawdy, as I hope for mercy : Oh ! the laws are
‘ very hard, very severe upon us.

‘ *Spri.* You have given me, Sir, so positive a
‘ proof of your secrecy, that you may rely upon
‘ my communication.

‘ *Vamp.* You will be safe—But, gadso ! we must
‘ mind business, tho’. Here, Mr. Cape, you must
‘ provide me with three taking titles for these pam-
‘ phlets ; and if you can think of a pat Latin motto
‘ for the largest——

‘ *Cape.* They shall be done.

‘ *Vamp.* Do so, do so. Books are like women,
‘ Mr. Cape ; to strike, they must be well dressed :

' fine feathers make fine birds; a good paper, an
' elegant type, a handsome motto, and a catching
' title, has drove many a dull treatise thro' three
' editions—Did you know Harry Handy?

' *Spri.* Not that I recollect.

' *Vamp.* He was a pretty fellow; he had his La-
' tin *ad anguem*, as they say; he wou'd have turn'd
' you a fable of Dryden's, or an epistle of Pope's,
' into Latin verse in a twinkling; except Peter
' Hasty the voyage-writer, he was as great a loss to
' the trade as any within my memory.

' *Cape.* What carry'd him off?

' *Vamp.* A halter; hang'd for clipping and coin-
' ing, Mr. Cape; I thought there was something
' the matter by his not coming to our shop for a
' month or two: he was a pretty fellow.

' *Spri.* Were you a great loser by his death?

' *Vamp.* I can't say—as he had taken to another
' course of living, his execution made a noise; it
' sold me seven hundred of his translations, besides
' his last dying speech and confession; I got it; he
' was mindful of his friends in his last moments:
' he was a pretty fellow?

' *Cape.* You have no farther commands, Mr.
' Vamp?

' *Vamp.* Not at present; about the spring I'll
' deal with you, if we can agree, for a couple of vo-
' lumes in octavo.

' *Spri.* Upon what subject?

' *Vamp.* I leave that to him; Mr. Cape knows
' what will do, tho' novels are a pretty light sum-

‘mer-reading, and do very well at Tunbridge, Bristol, and the other watering-places: no bad commodity for the West-India trade neither; let ‘em be novels, Mr. Cape.

‘*Cape.* You shall be certainly supply’d.

‘*Vamp.* I doubt not; pray, how does Index go on with your Journal?

‘*Cape.* He does not complain.

‘*Vamp.* Ah, I knew the time—but you have over-stock’d the market. Titlepage and I had once liked to have engag’d in a paper. We had got a young Cantab for the essays; a pretty historian from Aberdeen; and an attorney’s clerk for the true intelligence: but, I don’t know how, it dropp’d for want of a politician.

‘*Cape.* If in that capacity I can be of any—

‘*Vamp.* No, thank you, Mr. Cape; in half a year’s time, I have a grandson of my own that will come in; he is now in training as a waiter at the Cocoa-tree coffee-house; I intend giving him the run of Jonathan’s for three months, to understand trade and the funds; and then I’ll start him—No, no, you have enough on your hands; stick to your business; and, d’ye here, ‘ware clipping and coining; remember Harry Handy: he was a pretty fellow! [Exit]

‘*Spri.* And I’m sure thou art a most extraordinary fellow! But prythee, George, what cou’d provoke thee to make me a writer of sermons?

‘*Cape.* You seemed desirous of being acquainted with our business, and I knew old Vamp would

' let you more into the secret in five minutes than I
' could in as many hours. [*Knocking below, loud.*

' *Spri.* Cape, to your post ; here they are, i'faith,
' a coachful ! Let's see, Mr. and Mrs. Cadwalla-
' der, and your flame, the sister, as I live !'

Cad. (*without.*) Pray, by the by, han't you a poet
above ?

(*Without.*) Higher up.

Cad. (*without.*) Egad, I wonder what makes your
poets have such an aversion to middle floors—they
are always to be found in extremities ; in garrets,
or cellars—

Enter Mr. and Mrs. CADWALLADER and ARABELLA.

Cad. Ah, Sprightly !

Spri. Hush !

Cad. Hey, what's the matter ?

Spri. Hard at it ; untwisting some knotty point ;
totally absorb'd !

Cad. Gadso ! what ! that's he ! Beck, Bell, there
he is, egad, as great a poet, and as ingenious a—
what's he about ?—Hebrew ?

Spri. Weaving the whole *Æneid* into a tragedy ;
I have been here this half hour, but he has not
mark'd me yet.

Cad. Cou'd not I take a peep ?

Spri. An earthquake wou'd not rouse him.

Cad. He seems in a damn'd passion.

Cape. The belt of Pallas, nor prayers, nor tears,
nor supplicating gods, shall save thee now.

Cad. Hey ! zounds ! what the devil ! who ?

Cape. — *Pallas! te hoc vulnere, Pallas immolat, & pœnam scelerato ex sanguine sumit!*

Cad. Damn your palace! I wish I was well out of your garret.

Cape. Sir, I beg ten thousand pardons: ladies, your most devoted. You will excuse me, Sir; but, being just on the catastrophe of my tragedy, I am afraid the poetic furor may have betray'd me into some indecency.

Spri. Oh, Mr. Cadwallader is too great a genius himself, not to allow for these intemperate sallies of a heated imagination.

Cad. Genius! Look you here! Mr. What's-your-name?

Cape. Cape.

Cad. Cape! True; tho' by the bye here, hey! you live devilish high; but perhaps you may chuse that for exercise, hey! Sprightly! Genius! Look'e here, Mr. Cape, I had as pretty natural parts, a fine talents!—but, between you and I, I had as damn'd fool of a guardian, an ignorant, illiterate, ecod—he cou'd as soon pay the national debt as write his own name, and so was resolv'd to make his ward no wiser than himself, I think.

Spri. O fie, Mr. Cadwallader, you don't do yourself justice.

Cape. Indëed, Sir, we must contradict you, we can't suffer this defamation. I have more than once heard Mr. Cadwallader's literary acquisitions loudly talk'd of.

Cad. Have you?—no, no, it cannot be, hey! tho', let me tell you, last winter, before I had the

measles, I cou'd have made as good a speech upon any subject, in Italian, French, German—but I am all unhing'd!—all—Oh Lord, Mr. Cape, this is Becky; my dear Becky, child, this is a great poet—ah, but she does not know what that is—a little foolish or so, but of a very good family—here, Becky, child, won't you ask Mr. Cape to come and see you?

Mrs. Cad. As Dicky says, I shall be glad to see you at our house, Sir.

Cape. I have too great a regard for my own happiness, Ma'am, to miss so certain an opportunity of creating it.

Mrs. Cad. Hey! what?

Cape. My inclinations, as well as my duty, I say, will compel me to obey your kind injunctions.

Mrs. Cad. What does he say, our Bell?

Arab. Oh, that he can have no greater pleasure than waiting on you.

Mrs. Cad. I'm sure that's more his goodness than my desert; but when you ben't better engag'd, we shou'd be glad of your company of an evening, to make one with our Dicky, sister Bell, and I, at whisk and swabbers.

Cad. Hey, ecod, do, Cape, come and look at her grotto and shells, and see what she has got—Well, he'll come, Beck—ecod do, and she'll come to the third night of your tragedy, hey! won't you, Beck?—Isn't she a fine girl? hey, you; humour her a little, do—Hey, Beck; he says you are as fine a woman as ever he—ecod, who knows but he may make

a copy of verses on you?—There, go and have a little chat with her, talk any nonsense to her, no matter what; she's a damn'd fool, and won't know the difference—there, go, Beck—Well, Sprightly, hey! what! are you and Bell like to come together? Oh, ecod, they tell me, Mr. Sprightly, that you have frequently lords, and viscounts, and earls, that take a dinner with you; now I shou'd look upon it as a very particular favour, if you wou'd invite me at the same time, hey! will you?

Spri. You may depend on it.

Cad. Will you? Gad, that's kind: for between you and I, Mr. Sprightly, I am of as ancient a family as the best of them; and people of fashion shou'd know one another, you know.

Spri. By all manner of means.

Cad. Hey! should not they so? When you have any lord or baron, nay, egad, if it be but a baronet or a member of parliament, I shou'd take it as a favour.

Spri. You will do them honour; they must all have heard of the antiquity of your house.

Cad. Antiquity! hey! Beck, where's my pedigree?

Mrs. Cad. Why, at home, lock'd up in the butler's pantry.

Cad. In the pantry! What the devil! how often have I bid you never come out without it?

Mrs. Cad. Lord! what signifies carrying such a lumbering thing about?

Cad. Signifies! you are a fool, Beck. Why, suppose we should have any disputes when we ar

abroad about precedence, how the devil shall we be able to settle it? But you shall see it at home. Oh Becky, come hither, we will refer our dispute to—

They go apart.

Arab. Well, Sir, your friend has prevail'd; and you are acquainted with my brother; but what use you propose—

Cape. The pleasure of a more frequent admission to you.

Arab. That all!

Cape. Who knows but a strict intimacy with Mr. Cadwallader may in time incline him to favour my hopes?

Arab. A sandy foundation!—Cou'd he be prevail'd upon to forgive your want of fortune; the obscurity, or at least uncertainty, of your birth, will prove an unsurmountable bar.

Cad. Hold, hold, hold, Beck;—zouns! you are so—

Spri. Well, but hear him out, Ma'am.

Cape. Consider, we have but an instant. What project? What advice?

Arab. O fie! You wou'd be asham'd to receive succour from a weak woman!—Poetry is your profession, you know; so that plots, contrivances, and all the powers of imagination, are more peculiarly your province.

Cape. Is this a season to rally?

Cad. Hold, hold, hold; ask Mr. Cape.

Arab. To be serious then; if you have any point to gain with my brother, your application must be to his better part.

Cape. I understand you; plough with the heifer?

Arab. A delicate allusion, on my word! but take this hint—Amongst her passions, admiration, or rather adoration, is the principal.

Cape. Oh! that is her foible?

Arab. One of them; against that fort you must plant your batteries—But here they are.

Mrs. Cad. I tell you, you are a nonsense man, and I won't agree to any such thing:---Why, what signifies a parliament man? You make such a rout, indeed.

Cad. Hold, Becky, my dear, don't be in a passion now, hold; let us reason the thing a little, my dear.

Mrs. Cad. I tell you I won't;---what's the man an oaf? I won't reason, I hate reason; and so there's an end on't.

Cad. Why then you are obstinate, ecod, perverse. Hey, but my dear now, Becky, that's a good girl:---Hey! come, hold, hold---Egad, we'll refer it to Mr. Cape.

Mrs. Cad. Defer it to who you will, it will signify nothing.

Cape. Bless me! what's the matter, Madam?---Sure, Mr. Cadwallader, you must have been to blame; no inconsiderable matter could have ruffled the natural softness of that tender and delicate mind.

Arab. Pretty well commenced.

Mrs. Cad. Why he's always a fool, I think; he

wants to send our little Dicky to school, and make him a parliament-man.

Cape. How old is master, Ma'am?

Mrs. Cad. Three years and a quarter, come Lady-day.

Cape. The intention is rather early!

Cad. Hey! early? hold, hold; but, Becky mistakes the thing—Egad, I'll tell you the whole affair.

Mrs. Cad. You had better hold your chattering, so you had.

Cad. Nay, prythee, my dear; Mr. Sprightly, do stop her mouth, hold, hold. The matter, Mr. Cape, is this. Have you ever seen my Dicky?

Cape. Never.

Cad. No! Hold, hold, egad he's a fine, a sensible child; I tell Becky he's like her, to keep her in humour; but, between you and I, he has more sense already than all her family put together. Hey! Becky, is not Dicky the picture of you? He's a sweet child. Now, Mr. Cape, you must know, I want to put little Dicky to school; now between----hey! you, hold, you, hold, the great use of a school is, hey! egad, for children to make acquaintances that may hereafter be useful to them: For between you and I, as to what they learn there, does not signify two-pence.

Cape. Not a farthing.

Cad. Does it, hey?---Now this is our dispute, whether poor little Dicky (he's a sweet boy) shall go to Mr. Quæ-Genius's at Edgware, and

make an acquaintance with my young Lord Knap, the eldest son of the Earl of Frize, or to Dr. Tickle-pitcher's at Barnet, to form a friendship with young Stocks, the rich broker's only child.

Cape. And for which does the lady determine?

Cad. Why I have told her the case!—says I, Becky, my dear, who knows, if Dicky goes to Quæ-Genius's, but my lord Knap may take such a fancy to him, that upon the death of his father, and he comes to be Earl of Frize, he may make poor little Dicky a member of parliament? Hey, Cape!

Mrs. Cad. Ay, but then if Dicky goes to Tickle-pitcher's, who can tell but young Stocks, when he comes to his fortune, may lend him money if he wants it?

Cad. And if he does not want it, he won't take after his father, hey! Well, what's your opinion, Mr. Cape?

Cape. Why, Sir, I can't but join with the lady; money is the main article; it is that that makes the mare to go.

Cad. Hey! egad, and the aldermen too, you: so Dicky may be a member, and a fig for my Lord: Well, Becky, be quiet, he shall stick to Stocks.

Mrs. Cad. Ay, let'n; I was sure as how I was right.

Cad. Well, hush, Becky. Mr. Cape, will you eat a bit with us to-day, hey! will you?

Cape. You command me.

Cad. That's kind: why then Becky and Bell shall step and order the cook to toss up a little nice—Hey! will you, Becky? Do, and I'll bring Cape.

Mrs. Cad. Ay, with all my heart. Well, Mr. What-d'ye-call-um, the poet ; ecod the man's well enough—Your servant.

Cape. I am a little too much in dishabille to offer your ladyship my hand to your coach.

Cad. Psha ! never mind, I'll do it—Here you have company coming.

[*Exeunt Mr. and Mrs. Cadwallader and Arabella.*]

Enter GOVERNOR and ROBIN.

Cape. Ah, Mr. Robin !

Rob. Why, you have had a great levee this morning, Sir.

Cape. Ay, Robin, there's no obscuring extraordinary talents.

Rob. True, Sir ; and this friend of mine begs to claim the benefit of them.

Cape. Any friend of yours : but how can I be serviceable to him ?

Rob. Why, Sir, he is lately return'd from a profitable government ; and, as you know the unsatisfied mind of man, no sooner is one object possess'd, but another starts up to—

Cape. A truce to moralizing, dear Robin, to the matter ; I am a little busy.

Rob. In a word then, this gentleman, having a good deal of wealth, is desirous of a little honour.

Cape. How can I confer it ?

Rob. Your pen may.

Cape. I don't understand you.

Rob. Why touch him up a handsome complimen-

tary address from his colony, by way of praising the prudence of his administration, his justice, valour, benevolence, and——

Cape. I am sorry 'tis impossible for me now to misunderstand you. The obligations I owe you, Robin, nothing can cancel; otherwise, this would prove our last interview.—Your friend, Sir, has been a little mistaken, in recommending me as a person fit for your purpose. Letters have been always my passion, and indeed are now my profession; but tho' I am the servant of the public, I am not the prostitute of particulars: As my pen has never been ting'd with gall to gratify popular resentment, or private pique, so it shall never sacrifice its integrity to flatter pride, impose falsehood, or palliate guilt. Your merit may be great; but let those, Sir, be the heralds of your worth who are better acquainted with it.

Gov. Young man, I like your principles and spirit; your manly refusal gives more pleasure than any honours your papers could have procur'd me.

Spri. Now this business is dispatch'd, let us return to our own affairs——You dine at Cadwalader's?

Cape. I do.

Spri. Wou'd it not be convenient to you to have him out of the way?

Cape. Extremely.

Spri. I have a project that I think will prevail.

Cape. Of what kind?

Spri. Bordering upon the dramatic; but the time

is so pressing, I shall be at a loss to procure performers. Let's see—Robin is a sure card—a principal may easily be met with; but where the deuce can I get an interpreter?

Rob. Offer yourself, Sir; it will give you an opportunity of more closely inspecting the conduct of your son.

Gov. True. Sir, though a scheme of this sort may ill suit with my character and time of life, yet from a private interest I take in that gentleman's affairs, if the means are honourable.

Spri. Innocent, upon my credit.

Gov. Why then, Sir, I have no objection, if you think me equal to the task—

Spri. Most happily fitted for it. I should not have taken the liberty—But hush! he's return'd.

Enter CADWALLADER.

Spri. My dear friend! the luckiest circumstance!

Cad. Hey! how? Stay, hey!

Spri. You see that gentleman?

Cad. Well, hey!

Spri. Do you know who he is?

Cad. Not I.

Spri. He is interpreter to Prince Potowowsky.

Cad. Wowsky!—Who the devil is he?

Spri. Why the Tartarian prince that's come over ambassador from the Cham of the Calmucks.

Cad. Indeed!

Spri. His highness has just sent me an invitation to dine with him: now every body that dines with

a Tartarian lord has a right to carry with him what the Latins call'd his *umbra* ; in their language it is *jablanousky*.

Cad. *Jablanousky* ! well.

Spri. Now if you will go in that capacity, I shall be glad of the honour.

Cad. Hey ! why, wou'd you carry me to dine with his royal highness ?

Spri. With pleasure.

Cad. My dear friend, I shall take it as the greatest favour, the greatest obligation—I shall never be able to return it.

Spri. Don't mention it.

Cad. Hey ! but hold, hold, how the devil shall I get off with the poet ! You know I have ask'd him to dinner.

Spri. Oh, the occasion will be apology sufficient ; besides, there will be the ladies to receive him.

Cad. My dear Mr. Cape, I beg ten thousand pardons ! but here your friend is invited to dinner with Prince—— what the devil is his name ?

Spri. *Potowowsky*.

Cad. True ; now, Sir, ecod he has been so kind as to offer to carry me as his *jablanousky*, wou'd you be so good to excuse——

Cape. By all means ; not a word, I beg.

Cad. That is exceeding kind ; I'll come to you after dinner ; hey ! stay, but is there any ceremony to be used with his highness ?

Spri. You dine upon carpets, cross-legg'd.

Cad. Hey ! hold, hold, cross-legg'd ! zounds ! that's odd ; well, well, you shall teach me.

Spri. And his highness is particularly pleased with those amongst his guests that do honour to his country soup.

Cad. Oh! let me alone for that:—But should not I dress?

Spri. No; there's no occasion for it.

Cad. Dear friend, forgive me; nothing shou'd take me from you, but being a hobblinwisky. Well, I'll go and study to sit cross-legg'd, till you call me.

Spri. Do so.

Cad. His Highness Potowowsky! This is the luckiest accident! [Exit.

Cape. Ha, ha, ha!—but how will you conduct your enterprise?

Spri. We'll carry him to your friend Robin's; dress up one of the under actors in a ridiculous habit; this gentleman shall talk a little gibberish with him. I'll compose a soup of some nauseous ingredients; let me alone to manage. But do you choose, Sir, the part we have assign'd?

Gov. As it seems to be but a harmless piece of mirth, I have no objection.

Spri. Well then, let us about it; come, Sir.

Cape. Mr. Sprightly?

Spri. What's the matter?

Cape. Wou'd it not be right to be a little spruce, a little smart, upon this occasion?

Spri. No doubt; dress, dress, man; no time is to be lost.

Cape. Well, but, Jack, I cannot say that at present I—

Spri. Prithee explain. What would you say ?

Cape. Why then, I cannot say that I have any other garments at home.

Spri. Oh, I understand you ; is that all ? Here, here, take my——

Cape. Dear Sprightly, I am quite ashamed, and sorry.

Spri. That's not so obliging, George ; what, sorry to give me the greatest pleasure that—But I have no time for speeches, I must run to get ready my soup. Come, gentlemen.

Rob. Did you observe, Sir ?

Gov. Most feelingly ! But it will soon be over.

Rob. Courage, Sir ; times perhaps may change.

Cape. A poor prospect, Robin ! But this scheme of life at last must be changed : for what spirit, with the least spark of generosity, can support a life of eternal obligation and disagreeable drudgery ? Inclination not consulted, genius cramp'd, and talents misapply'd !

What prospect have those authors to be read,
Whose daily writings earn their daily bread.

THE END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II. .SCENE I.

YOUNG CAPE and Mrs. CADWALLADER, at cards.

Mrs. Cadwallader.

YOU want four, and I two, and my deal : now, knave noddly—no, hearts be trumps.

Cape. I beg.

Mrs. Cad. Will you stock 'em ?

Cape. Go on, if you please, Madam.

Mrs. Cad. Hearts again—one, two, three ; one, two—hang 'em, they won't slip, three. Diamonds—the two : Have you higher than the queen ?

Cape. No, Madam.

Mrs. Cad. Then there's highest—and lowest, by gosh. Games are even ; you are to deal.

Cape. Psha, hang cards ; there are other amusements better suited to a tête-à-tête, than any of the four aces can afford us.

Mrs. Cad. What pastimes be they ?—We ben't enough for hunt the whistle nor blind-man's buff : but I'll call our Bell and Robin the butler. Dicky will be here by an bye.

Cape. Hold a minute. I have a game to propose, where the presence of a third person, especially Mr. Cadwallader's, wou'd totally ruin the sport.

Mrs. Cad. Ay, what can that be ?

Cape. Can't you guess ?

Mrs. Cad. Not I; questions and commands, mayhap.

Cape. Not absolutely that—some little resemblance; for I am to request, and you are to command.

Mrs. Cad. Oh daisy! that's charming, I never play'd at that in all my born days; come, begin then.

Cape. Can you love me?

Mrs. Cad. Love you! But is it in jest or earnest?

Cape. That is as you please to determine.

Mrs. Cad. But mayn't I ask you questions too?

Cape. Doubtless.

Mrs. Cad. Why then, do you love me?

Cape. With all my soul.

Mrs. Cad. Upon your sayso?

Cape. Upon my sayso.

Mrs. Cad. I'm glad on't with all my heart. This is the rarest pastime!

Cape. But you have not answer'd my question.

Mrs. Cad. Hey! that's true. Why, I believe there's no love lost.

Cape. So; our game will soon be over; I shall be up at a deal. I wish I mayn't be engaged to play deeper here than I intended tho'. [Aside.

Mrs. Cad. Well, now 'tis your turn.

Cape. True, ay; but, zooks, you are too hasty; the pleasure of this play, like hunting, does not consist in immediately chopping the prey.

Mrs. Cad. No! how then?

Cape. Why, first I am to start you, then run you

a little in view, then lose you, then unravel all the tricks and doubles you make to escape me.

You fly o'er hedge and stile,

I pursue for many a mile :

You grow tir'd at last, and quat ;

Then I catch you, and all that.

Mrs. Cad. Dear me, there's a deal on't ! I shall never be able to hold out long ; I had rather be taken in view.

Cape. I believe you.

Mrs. Cad. Well, come, begin and start me, that I may come the sooner to quating—Hush ! here's sister ; what the deuse brought her ? Bell will be for learning this game too ; but don't you teach her for your life, Mr. Poet.

Enter ARABELLA.

Arab. Your mantua-maker, with your new sack, sister.

Mrs. Cad. Is that all ? She might have staid, I think.

Arab. What ? You were better engaged ? But don't be angry, I am sorry I interrupted you.

Mrs. Cad. Hey ! Now will I be hang'd if she ben't jealous of Mr. Poet ; but I'll listen, and see the end on't I am resolved. *[Aside, and exit.]*

Arab. Are you concern'd at the interruption too ?

Cape. It was a very seasonable one, I promise you ; had you staid a little longer, I don't know what might have been the consequence.

Arab. No danger to your person, I hope.

Cape. Some little attacks upon it.

Arab. Which were as feebly resisted.

Cape. Why, consider, my dear Bell, tho' your sister is a fool, she is a fine woman, and flesh is frail.

Arab. Dear Bell! and flesh is frail! We are grown strangely familiar, I think.

Cape. Hey-day? In what corner sits the wind now?

Arab. Where it may possibly blow strong enough to upset your hopes.

Cape. That a breeze of your breath can do.

Arab. Affected!

Cape. You are obliging, Madam; but pray, what is the meaning of all this?

Arab. Ask your own guilty conscience.

Cape. Were I inclined to flatter myself, this little passion wou'd be no bad presage.

Arab. You may prove a false prophet.

Cape. Let me die if I know what to—but to descend to a little common sense; what part of my conduct—

Arab. Look'ee, Mr. Cape, all explanations are unnecessary: I have been lucky enough to discover your disposition before it is too late; and so you know there's no occasion—but, however, I'll not be any impediment to you: my sister will be back immediately; I suppose my presence will only—but consider, Sir, I have a brother's honour—

Cape. Which is as safe from me, as if it was lock'd up in your brother's closet; but surely, Madam,

you are a little capricious here ; have I done any thing but obey your directions ?

Arab. That was founded upon a supposition that— but no matter.

Cape. That, what ?

Arab. Why, I was weak enough to believe what you was wicked enough to protest—

Cape. That I loved you ; and what reason have I given you to doubt it ?

Arab. A pretty situation I found you in at my entrance.

Cape. An assumed warmth, for the better concealing the fraud.

Mrs. Cad. What's that ? [*Aside, list'ning.*

Cape. Surely, if you doubted my constancy, you must have a better opinion of my understanding.

Mrs. Cad. Mighty well. [*Aside.*

Cape. What an idiot, a driveler ! no consideration upon earth, but my paving the way to the possession of you, could have prevailed upon me to support her folly a minute.

Enter Mrs. CADWALLADER.

Mrs. Cad. Soh ! Mr. Poet, you are a pretty gentleman, iudeed ; ecod, I'm glad I have caught you. I'm not such a fool as you think for, man ; but here will be Dicky presently ; he shall hear of your tricks, he shall : I'll let him know what a pretty person he has got in his house.

Cape. There's no parrying this ; had not I better decamp ?

Arab. And leave me to the mercy of the enemy? my brother's temper is so odd, there's no knowing in what light he'll see this.

Mrs. Cad. Oh, he's below, I hear him. Now we shall hear what he'll say to you, Madam.

*Enter CADWALLADER, GOVERNOR, SPRIGHTLY,
and ROBIN.*

Cad. No, pray walk in, Mr. Interpreter, between you and I, I like his royal highness mightily; he's a polite, pretty, well-bred gentleman—but damn his soup.

Gov. Why, Sir, you eat as if you lik'd it.

Cad. Lik'd it! hey, egad, I would not eat another mess to be his master's prime minister; as bitter as gall, and as black as my hat; and there have I been sitting these two hours with my legs under me till they are both as dead as a herring.

Cape. Your dinner displeas'd you?

Cad. Displeas'd! hey! Look'e, Mr. Sprightly, I'm mightily obliged to you for the honour; but hold, hold, you shall never persuade me to be a hobblinwisky again, if the great Cham of the Calmucks were to come over himself. Hey! and what a damn'd language he has got? Whee, haw, haw! but you speak it very fluently.

Gov. I was long resident in the country.

Cad. May be so, but he seems to speak it better; you have a foreign kind of an accent, you don't sound it thro' the nose so well as he. Hey! well,

Becky, what, and how have you entertain'd Mr. Cape?

Mrs. Cad. Oh! here have been fine doings since you have been gone.

Cape. So, now comes on the storm.

Cad. Hey! hold, hold, what has been the matter?

Mrs. Cad. Matter! why, the devil is in the poet, I think.

Cad. The devil! hold.

Mrs. Cad. Why, here he has been making love to me like bewitch'd.

Cad. How! which way?

Mrs. Cad. Why, some on't was out of his poetry, I think.

Cad. Hey! hold, hold, egad I believe he's a little mad: this morning he took me for king Turnus, you; now, who can tell but this afternoon he may take you for queen Dido?

Mrs. Cad. And there he told me I was to run, and to double and quat, and there he was to catch me, and all that.

Cad. Hold, hold, catch you? Mr. Cape, I take it very unkindly; it was, d'ye see, a very unfriendly thing to make love to Becky in my absence.

Cape. But, Sir——

Cad. And it was the more ungenerous, Mr. Cape, to take this advantage, as you know she is but a foolish woman.

Mrs. Cad. Ay, me, who am but a foolish woman.

Cape. But hear me.

Cad. A poor, ignorant, illiterate, poor Becky? And for a man of your parts to attack——

Cape. There's no——

Cad. Hold, hold; ecod, it is just as if the Grand Signor, at the head of his janisaries, was to kick a chimney-sweeper.

Mrs. Cad. Hey! what's that you say, Dicky; what, be I like a chimney-sweeper?

Cad. Hey! hold, hold. Zounds! no, Beck! hey! no: that's only by way of simile, to let him see I understand his tropes and figures as well as himself, egad! and therefore!——

Spri. Nay, but Mr. Cadwallader——

Cad. Don't mention it, Mr. Sprightly; he is the first poet I ever had in my house, except the bell-man for a Christmas-box.

Spri. Good Sir.

Cad. And hold, hold; I am resolved he shall be the last.

Spri. I have but one way to silence him.

Cad. And let me tell you——

Spri. Nay, Sir, if I must tell him; he owes his reception here to my recommendation; any abuse of your goodness, any breach of hospitality here, he is answerable to me for.

Cad. Hey! hold, hold, so he is, ecod: at him; give it him home.

Spri. Ungrateful monster! and is this your return, for the open, generous treatment——

Mrs. Cad. As good fry'd cow-heel, with a roast fowl and sausages, as ever came to a table.

Cad. Hush, Beck, hush!—

Spri. And cou'd you find no other object but Mr. Cadwallader; a man, perhaps, possess'd of a genius superior to your own—

Cad. If I had had a university-education—

Spri. And of a family as old as the creation.

Cad. Older—Beck, fetch the pedigree.

Spri. Thus far relates to this gentleman; but now, Sir, what apology can you make me, who was your passport, your security?

Cad. Zounds, none; fight him.

Spri. Fight him?

Cad. Ay, do; I'd fight him myself, if I had not had the measles last winter; but stay till I get out of the room.

Spri. No: he's sure of a protection here, the presence of the ladies.

Cad. Psha, pox! they belong to the family, never mind them.

Spri. Well, Sir, are you dumb? No excuse? No palliation?

Cad. Ay, no palliation?

Mrs. Cad. Ay, no tribulation? 'Tis a shame, so it is.

Cape. When I have leave to speak—

Cad. Speak! what the devil can you say?

Cape. Nay, Sir—

Spri. Let's hear him, Mr. Cadwallader, however.

Cad. Hold, hold; come, begin then.

Cape. And first to you, Mr. Sprightly, as you seem most interested; pray, does this charge cor-

respond with any other action of my life, since I have had the honour to know you ?

Spri. Indeed, I can't say that I recollect ; but still as the scholiasts—*Nemo repente turpissimus.*

Cad. Hold, hold ; what's that ?

Spri. Why, that is as much as to say, this is bad enough.

Mrs. Cad. By gosh ! and so it is.

Cad. Ecod, and so it is : speak a little more Latin to him ; if I had been bred at the university, you shou'd have it both sides of your ears.

Cape. A little patience, gentlemen : now, Sir, to you. You were pleased yourself to drop a few hints of your lady's weakness ; might not she take too seriously what was meant as a mere matter of merri-ment ?

Cad. Hey ! hold, hold.

Spri. A paltry excuse ; can any woman be such a fool as not to know when a man has a design upon her person ?

Cad. Answer that, Mr. Cape, hey ! Answer that.

Cape. I can only answer for the innocency of my own intentions ; may not your lady, apprehensive of my becoming too great a favourite, contrive this charge with a view of destroying the connection—

Spri. Connection !

Cad. Hey ! hold, hold, connection.

Spri. There's something in that—

Cad. Hey ! is there ? Hold, hold, hey ! egad, he is right—You're right, Mr. Cape ; hold, Becky, my dear, how the devil could you be so wicked,

hey! child; ecod, hold, hold, how could you have the wickedness to attempt to destroy the connection!

Mrs. Cad. I don't know what you say.

Cad. D'ye hear? You are an incendiary, but you have miss'd your point; the cunnection shall be only the stronger: My dear friend, I beg ten thousand pardons, I was too hasty; but, ecod, Becky's to blame.

Cape. The return of your favour has effac'd every other impression.

Cad. There's a good-natur'd creature!

Cape. But if you have the least doubts remaining, this lady, your sister, I believe, will do me the justice to own—

Mrs. Cad. Ay, ask my fellow if I be a thief.

Cad. What the devil is Becky at now?

Mrs. Cad. She's as bad as he.

Cad. Bad as he!—Hey! how! what the devil, she did not make love to you too? Stop, hey! hold, hold, hold.

Mrs. Cad. Why no, foolish; but you are always running on with your riggmonrowles, and won't stay to hear a body's story out.

Cad. Well, Beck, come, let's have it.

Mrs. Cad. Be quiet then; why, as I was telling you, first he made love to me, and wanted me to be a hare!

Cad. A hare! hold, ecod, that was whimsical; a hare! hey! oh, ecod, that might be because he thought you a little hair-brain'd already, Becky, a

damn'd good story. Well, Becky, go on, let's have it out.

Mrs. Cad. No, I won't tell you no more, so I won't.

Cad. Nay, prythee, Beck.

Mrs. Cad. Hold your tongue then :—and so there he was going on with his nonsense, and so in came our Bell ; and so—

Cad. Hold, hold, Becky ;—damn your so's ; go on, child, but leave out your so's ; 'tis a low—hold, hold, vulgar—but go on.

Mrs. Cad. Why, how can I go on when you stop me every minute ? Well, and then our Bell came in and interrupted him ; and methought she looked very frumpish and jealous.

Cad. Well.

Mrs. Cad. And so I went out and listen'd.

Cad. So ; what you stay'd and listen'd ?

Mrs. Cad. No ; I tell you, upon my staying, she went out ; no—upon my going out, she staid.

Cad. This is a damn'd blind story ; but go on, Beck.

Mrs. Cad. And then at first she scolded him roundly for making love to me ; and then he said as how she advised him to it ; and then she said no ; and then he said—

Cad. Hold, hold ; we shall never understand all these he's and she's ; this may all be very true, Beck, but hold, hold ; as I hope to be sav'd, thou art the worst teller of a story—

Mrs. Cad. Well, I have but a word more; and then he said as how I was a great fool.

Cad. Not much mistaken in that. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Cad. And that he would not have staid with me a minute, but to pave the way to the possession of she.

Cad. Well, Beck, well?

Mrs. Cad. And so—that's all.

Cad. Make love to her, in order to get possession of you?

Mrs. Cad. Love to me, in order to get she.

Cad. Hey! Oh, now, I begin to understand. Hey! What! is this true, Bell? Hey! Hold, hold, hold; ecod, I begin to smoke, hey! Mr. Cape?

Cape. How shall I act?

Rob. Own it, Sir; I have a reason.

Cad. Well, what say you, Mr. Cape? Let's have it without equivocation; or, hold, hold, hold, mental reservation. Guilty, or not?

Cape. Of what, Sir?

Cad. Of what! Hold, hold, of making love to Bell.

Cape. Guilty,

Cad. Hey! how! Hold, zounds! No, what, not with an intention to marry her?

Cape. With the lady's approbation, and your kind consent.

Cad. Hold, hold; what my consent to marry you?

Cape. Ay, Sir.

Cad. Hold, hold, hold; what our Bell to mix the

blood of the Cadwalladers with the puddle of a poet?

Cape. Sir!

Cad. A petty, paltry, ragged, rhiming—

Spri. But Mr—

Cad. A scribbling; hold, hold, hold—garrateer, that has no more cloaths than backs, no more heads than hats, and no shoes to his feet.

Spri. Nay, but—

Cad. The offspring of a dunghill! born in a cellar: Hold, hold—and living in a garret! a fungus! a mushroom!

Cape. Sir, my family—

Cad. Your family! Hold, hold, hold—Peter, fetch the pedigree; I'll show you—Your family! a little obscure—hold, hold, I don't believe you ever had a grandfather—

Enter PETER with the Pedigree.

There it is; there; Peter, help me to stretch it out: there's seven yards more of lineals, besides three of collaterals, that I expect next Monday from the herald's office; d'ye see, Mr. Sprightly?

Spri. Prodigious!

Cad. Nay; but looky', there's Welsh princes and ambassadors, and kings of Scotland, and members of parliament: Hold, hold, ecod, I no more mind an earl or a lord in my pedigree, hold, hold, than Kuli Khan wou'd a serjeant in the train'd bands.

Spri. An amazing descent!

Cad. Hey! is it not? And for this low, lousy, son

of a shoemaker, to talk of families—hold, hold, get out of my house.

Rob. Now is your time, Sir.

Cad. Mr. Sprightly, turn him out.

Gov. Stop, Sir, I have a secret to disclose, that may make you alter your intentions.

Cad. Hold, hold : how, Mr. Interpreter ?

Gov. You are now to regard that young man in a very different light, and consider him as my son.

Cape Your son, Sir!

Gov. In a moment, George, the mystery shall be explain'd.

Cad. Your son ! Hold, hold ; and what then ?

Gov. Then ! Why then he is no longer the scribbler, the mushroom you have described ; but of birth and fortune equal to your own.

Cad. What ! the son of an interpreter equal to me. A fellow that trudges about, teaching of languages to foreign counts !

Gov. A teacher of languages !

Cad. Stay ; ecod, a runner to Monsieurs and Marquisses !

Spri. You are mistaken, Sir.

Cad. A jack-pudding ! that takes fillips on the nose for sixpence a-piece ; Hold, hold, ecod, give me eighteen-pennyworth, and change for half-a-crown.

Gov. Stop when you are well.

Cad. A spunger at other mens tables ! that has jallop. put into his beer, and his face black'd at Christmas for the diversion of children.

Gov. I can hold no longer. 'Sdeath, Sir, who is it you dare treat in this manner?

Cad. Hey! Zounds, Mr. Sprightly, lay hold of him.

Spri. Calm your choler. Indeed, Mr. Cadwallader, nothing cou'd excuse your behaviour to this gentleman but your mistaking his person.

Cad. Hold, hold. Is not he interpreter to—

Spri. No.

Cad. Why did not you tell——

Spri. That was a mistake. This gentleman is the prince's friend; and by long residence in the monarch's country, is perfect master of the language.

Cad. But who the devil is he then?

Spri. He is Mr. Cape, Sir; a man of unblemish'd honour, capital fortune, and late governor of one of our most considerable settlements,

Cad. Governor! Hold, hold, and how came you father to——hey!—

Gov. By marrying his mother.

Cape. But how am I to regard this?

Gov. As a solemn truth; that foreign friend, to whom you owe your education, was no other than myself: I had my reasons, perhaps capricious ones, for concealing this; but now they cease, and I am proud to own my son.

Cape. Sir; it is not for me (*kneeling*), but if gratitude, duty, filial——

Gov. Rise, my boy. I have ventured far to fix thy fortune, George; but to find thee worthy of it,

more than o'erpays my toil; the rest of my story shall be reserv'd till we are alone.

Cad. Hey! Hold, hold, hold; ecod, a good sensible old fellow this; but harky', Sprightly, I have made a damn'd blunder here: Hold, hold, Mr. Governor, I ask ten thousand pardons; but who the devil cou'd have thought that the interpreter to prince Potowowsky——

Gov. Oh, Sir, you have in your power sufficient means to atone for the injuries done us both.

Cad. Hold, how?

Gov. By bestowing your sister with, I flatter myself, no great violence to her inclinations, here.

Cad. What, marry Bell! Hey! Hold, hold; zounds, Bell, take him, do; 'ecod, he's a good likely——hey! Will you?

Arab. I shan't disobey you, Sir.

Cad. Shan't you? That's right. Who the devil knows but he may come to be a governor himself; hey! Hold, hold; come here then, give me your hands both, (*joins their hands.*) There, there, the business is done. And now, brother governor—

Gov. And now brother Cadwallader.

Cad. Hey! Beck, here's something now for my pedigree; we'll pop in the Governor to-morrow.

Mrs. Cad. Hark'y, Mr. Governor, can you give me a black boy and a monkey?

Cad. Hey! ay, ay, you shall have a black boy, and a monkey, and a parrot too, Beck.

Spri. Dear George, I am a little late in my congratulation; but——

Gov. Which if he is in acknowledging your disinterested friendship, I shall be sorry I ever own'd him. Now, Robin, my cares are over, and my wishes full ; and if George remains as untainted by affluence as he has been untempted by distress, I have given the poor a protector, his country an advocate, and the world a friend.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

EPILOGUE.

WRITTEN BY A LADY.

SPOKEN BY MRS. CLIVE.

WELL—thank my stars, that I have done my task;
And now throw off this aukward, idiot mask.
Cou'd we suppose this circle, so refin'd,
Who seek those pleasures that improve the mind,
Cou'd from such vulgarisms feel delight,
Or laugh at characters so unpolite?
Who come to plays, to see, and to be seen;
Not to hear things that shock, or give the spleen;
Who shun an opera, when they hear 'tis thin. }
“ Lord! do you know?” says lady Bell—I'm told
“ That Jacky Dapple got so great a cold
“ Last Tuesday night—There wa'n't a creature
there;
“ Not a male thing to hand one to one's chair.
“ Divine Mingotti! what a swell has she?
“ O! such a sustinuto upon B! }
“ Ma'am, when she's quite in voice, she'll go to C.
“ Lord! says my lady English—here's a pother!
“ Go where she will, I'll never see another.”
Her ladyship, half-choak'd with London air,
And brought to town to see the sights—and stare.

EPILÓGUE.

Fine singing that!—I'm sure 'tis more like screaming;

“To me, I vow, they're all a pack of women!”

“Oh Barbare!—Inhumana!—Tramontane!—

“Does not this creature come from Pudding-Lane?

“Look, look, my lord! She goggles! Ha, ha.”—

“Pray, be quiet;

“Dear lady Bell, for shame! You'll make a riot.”

“Why; will they mix with us to make this rout?

“Bring in a bill, my lord, to keep 'em out.”

“We'll have a taste act, faith!”—my lord replied;

“And shut out all that are not qualified.”

Thus ridicule is bounded like a ball,

Struck by the great, then answer'd by the small;

While we, at times, return it to you all.

A skilful hand will ne'er your rage provoke:

For tho' it hits you, you'll applaud the stroke:

Let it but only glance, you'll never frown;

Nay, you'll forgive, tho't knocks your neighbour
down.

